LITERARY TABLET.

Vol. IV.] *Hanover, N. H. Wednesday, December 24, 1806.* [No. 4.

SELECTIONS.

Character of Mr. Pitt.

(Concluded from page 9.)

THE hiſtory of Mr. Pitt's adminiſtration forms a diſtinct and moſt important chapter in the hiſtory of the world. Let it never be forgotten, that to him, as the inſtrument in the hand of divine Providence, we are indebted for the peſervation of our ſocial happineſs; of that invaluable conſtitution, which our gallant forefathers bequeathed to us, as the nobleſt monument of genius, freedom, and humanity; and of thoſe religious inſtitutions, which ſerve as way-marks to a ſtill nobler inheritance. This he effected in the face of whatever could ſhake the ſtouteſt heart. Through thoſe tremendous ſtorms, which the French revolution had raiſed, and which might have appalled the moſt courageous mind, his ſuperior genius ſafely piloted the veſſel of the ſtate. If he had not poſſeſſed a mind ſufficiently capacious to appreciate the extent of our danger, and ſufficiently vigorous to withſtand the deſolating progreſs of revolutionary principles, the fabric of our policy muſt have crumbled into ruins, beneath the blows that were both openly and ſecretly levelled againſt it, by men of bold, enthuſiaſtic, and ferocious ſpirits. Great Britain has loſt in William Pitt the ableſt champion of her conſtitution.

It becomes us alſo to remember the firm and unſhaken reſiſtance, made by this great ſtateſman, to the ſecret machinations, and infuriated violence of the French anarchiſts; the courage with which he braved their rage, even when we were abandoned by our allies, the ſplendid eloquence with which he denounced their crimes, and animated his country to perſevere in the awful ſtruggle; ſervices, which juſtly entitle him to the gratitude of the civilized world.

The firſt ten years of Mr. Pitt's adminiſtration was a period of peace; and alſo of proſperity, unexampled in the annals of this or any other country. By his wiſe and enlightened policy, under Providence, was Great Britain raiſed from the duſt, from that ſtate of imbecility, degradation, and dejection, to a ſtate of power and opulence, far beyond any hope, which could have been previouſly framed. It was then ſhe acquired that ſtrength and conſiſtency, and developed thoſe reſources, which have ſince enabled her to occupy the firſt place among the nations of the earth. The ſucceeding period of his adminiſtration was diſtinguiſhed by ſcenes of turbulence and public diſorder. The ſuperiority, however, of his genius was ſtill manifeſt. Internal factions were diſmayed and ſilenced by him, while the foreign enemy was kept in alarm for his own ſafety. It was not merely that he electriſed admiring ſenates, or withered, as with the force of lightning, the nerves of his opponents: his countrymen at large looked to him as an oracle; and felt their hopes revive as he ſpoke. They reſigned themſelves to his direction, and ruſhed on with confidence, in the path which he pointed out to them. At his call, even when out of office, we have ſeen half a million of freemen ruſh to ams, and array themſelves in defence of their country. The force of eloquence never wrought greater prodigies among any people. Indeed, of the faſcinations of Mr. Pitt's eloquence, it is impoſſible for any one who has not heard him to form an adequate conception. Its effect, on ſome occaſions, more reſembled that of the electric fluid than any thing elſe with which it can be compared; while, on all occaſions, it flowed from him with a clearneſs, copiouſneſs, ſtrength, and majeſty, which left every rival orator at an immenſe diſtance.

A letter to a Friend, occaſioned by the death of this great ſtateſman, cloſes with the following ſtriking and uſeful obſervations.

What if the voice of Mr. Pitt could now reach a Britiſh cabinet? What if it could now command the attention of a Britiſh ſenate? What are the ſuggeſtions which, with his preſent views, be it more or leſs that his views are corrected and enlarged; what are the ſuggeſtions, which, with his preſent views, he would now be earneſt to enforce upon public men?

"With ſolicitude inexpreſſibly greater than he ever felt on any ſubject of temporary concern, he would entreat ſtateſmen and politicians habitually to bear in mind not only that they have a country to protect, and a king to ſerve, but that they *have alſo a Maſter in heaven.* "Diſcharge your duty," he would exclaim, "to your country and to your king *in ſingleneſs of heart, as unto Chriſt; not with eye-ſervice, as men-pleaſers, but as the ſervants of Chriſt, doing the will of God from the heart: with good will doing ſervice, as to the Lord, and not to men.* Be not aſhamed of your God and your Redeemer. *Hold forth the word of life* before the eyes of all men, as the ſpring of action, as your ſupreme and univerſal law. Hold it forth by meaſures conformable to its dictates: hold it forth by the ſtedfaſt avowal of the principles which it teaches, of the motives which it enjoins. By the rules which it delivers, by the ſpirit which it inculcates, try all your proceedings. Urge not the difficulties of your ſituation as a plea for ſin. To you, to every man, belongs the aſſurance, *My grace is ſufficient for thee.* Expel iniquity from your ſyſtem. Will you ſay that the machine of government cannot purſue its courſe, unleſs the path be ſmoothed by corruption? Will you ſay that the intereſts of your country cannot be upheld, unleſs a diſtant quarter of the globe be deſolated to ſupport them? Will you ſay that the ſecurity of the free Briton will be endangered, unleſs the *man-ſtealer*, againſt whom God has denounced his curſe, receive from you licence and protection? Will you ſay, that if rapine and murder will at any rate be continued, you are warranted in becoming the deſpoilers and the murderers yourſelves? Is this to be *a terror to evil doers?* Is this to *cleanſe yourſelves from all filthineſs of the fleſh and ſpirit?* Is this to *perfect holineſs in the fear of God?* Is this to *abſtain from all appearance of evil?* Is this to have *the anſwer of a good conſcience towards God?* Is it not practically to aver to the Moſt High—The laws, O God, which Thou haſt promulgated for the adminiſtration of Thine own world, are inadequate to their purpoſe. That which Thou commandeſt, we diſcover to be in many inſtances detrimental. That which Thou prohibiteſt, we perceive to be in many caſes neceſſary. Forgive, approve, reward us, for introducing, as occaſion requires, the needful alterations and exceptions. Do you ſtart at the thoughts of ſuch language? Speak it not by your deeds. Obey the precepts of your God; and leave conſequences in his hands. Diſtruſt not his truth. Dare to confide in his omnipotence. Believe that *it is righteouſneſs which exalteth a nation:* that *ſin is a reproach to any people:* that *nations ſhall be puniſhed for their iniquities.* In unfeigned humility; in conſtant prayer; in watchfulneſs againſt tranſgreſſion; *not ſlothful in buſineſs, but fervent in ſpirit, ſerving the Lord;* hope for the divine bleſſing on your counſels and exertions through that adorable Mediator, by whom all bleſſings are diſpenſed to man. Look to the day of account before his tribunal. Think *that* betimes, which you will think at laſt. Judge all things now by the ſtandard by which you are to be judged. If you may not ſave your country, forfeit not the ſalvation of your ſoul." [*Ch. Ob.*

RUINS OF THEBES, OR LUXORE.

In the diſtant periods of antiquity were founded the palaces and temples of Luxore. They now partly lie on the deſerts of Upper Egypt, ſcattered into fragments and covered with rubbiſh, and partly they ſtand erect in the towering heights of ſolitary columns, the extenſive ranges of impoſing colonnades, or the unequalled magnitude of their ſculptured ſides. They attract, when in the horizon, the notice of ſcientific travellers, and they

ſerve as land-marks to travellers, and as habitations for the poor and the outcaſt. Thus have the exertions of architectural ſcience contended againſt the ſlow unceaſing efforts of time, and thus are the opulence of monarchs and the dignity of prieſthood, commemorated in the ruined grandeur of churches and of courts. A traveller into Egypt for the purpoſes of ſcience may honorably employ himſelf in meaſuring the dimenſions of pillars, ceilings, and walls, and a painter may communicate knowledge and pleaſure by accurate repreſentations of theſe monuments of decay; but the dignity of a philoſopher is advanced in applying the memorials of art to ſubſerve the moral duties of life, and his utility is exhibited in employing the materials, preſented by a few, for the durable advantage of all. Our vanity is repreſſed by the conſideration, that time has deſtroyed the names of the architects and founders of theſe mighty piles. Perhaps their titles and dignities were engraven on the corner ſtones; perhaps their offices were perpetuated to ſucceeding generations; and perhaps they welcomed and received the awful honors of adoration; but no hiſtorian has related their deeds, no poet has ſung their praiſes, and irremediable oblivion covers their names, their virtues, and their crimes. Philoſophy has determined that utility is the proper foundation of morals. If part of the time, the wealth, and the labour, which were expended on the architectural glories of Luxore, had been applied to the diffuſion of knowledge and virtue, to the practical purpoſes of religion, and to the great objects of political œconomy, the happineſs of the people would have ennobled the grandeur of the princes. We ſhould then indeed have ſeriouſly regretted, that time has covered with a garment of darkneſs all their perſonal and moral attributes; and though maſſy walls and broken gateways would not now be the evidence of their magnificence; though they might not now be extolled as the benevolent guardians of the Theban people, yet philoſophy would not be compelled to conſider them as the oſtentatious founders of periſhable monuments, where robbers lurk for prey, and outlaws find protection. The nature of the ſubject eaſily allures a philoſophic mind into various ſimilar reflections, but the preſcribed limits of this article will not authoriſe any further extenſion of remarks on the ancient glories or the preſent ruins of Luxore. But I cannot forbear to remark the ſuperiority of genius over gigantic phyſical exertion. When Thebes exiſted in the ſplendid circumference of twenty-ſeven miles, the author of the Iliad repreſented the indignant Achilles, ſwearing in the following noble lines:

Not all proud Thebes' unrivalled walls contain, [plain;
The world's great empreſs on the Egyptian
That ſpreads her conqueſts o'er a thouſand ſtates
And pours her heroes through a hundred gates,
Two hundred horſemen and two hundred cars
From each wide portal iſſuing to the wars.

POPE's Trans. Hom.

Now this city of the gods has dwindled to a few mouldering ruins, but the Iliad flouriſhes in unfading purity, and with increaſing honours. Nor ſhould the advocate of Homer's greatneſs refrain from recording the obligations, which opulence and power owe to enterpriſe and learning; for if the prieſts and monarchs of Thebes were ſecretly compelled by reflection to acknowledge, that the corroſion of time and the ravages of war might in future ages deſtroy their temples and palaces, they would have rejoiced in triumphs and feaſts, had their imagination ſuggeſted the hope, that ſome of their columns, veſtibules, and halls, would have been illuſtrated and perpetuated in the learned travels of Norden and Pococke. [*Anthology.*

[*The following ſketch of the character of a man, whoſe talents once excited a conſiderable ſhare of public intereſt, but whoſe private virtues are leſs known, was drawn by Richard Cumberland. The celebrity of the author, and the pleaſing picture of true greatneſs in retirement, which this extract affords, will make it acceptable to our readers.*—Tablet.]

"WHEN in proceſs of time I ſaw and knew Lord North in his retirement from all public affairs, patient, collected, reſigned to an afflicting viſitation of the ſevereſt ſort, when all but his illuminated mind, was dark around him, I contemplated an affecting and an edifying object, that claimed my admiration and eſteem; a man, who, diveſted of that incidental greatneſs, which high office for a time can give, ſelf-dignified and independent, roſe to real greatneſs of his own creating, which no time can take away; whoſe genius gave a grace to every thing he ſaid, and whoſe benignity ſhed a luſtre on every thing he did; ſo nobly was his memory ſtored, and ſo lively was his imagination in applying what he remembered, that after the great ſource of information ſhut againſt himſelf, he ſtill poſſeſſed a boundleſs fund of information for the delight and inſtruction of others."—*Life of Cumberland.*

ORIGINAL PRODUCTIONS.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

RETIREMENT.

Nunquam minus ſolus, quam cum ſolus.

THE man, who delights to read the volume of nature, can never be unemployed.

He gazes not with a vulgar eye upon ſurrounding objects, without once thinking, why are theſe things ſo?

His active and enlightened mind ſees "the varied God" in every beauteous landſcape; in every towering mountain, and craggy cliff; in every animal and vegetable production, which meets his ſight.

The tranſlucent ſtream, that murmurs over the poliſhed pebbles, whiſpers in his ear ſome important leſſon, and every gale is fraught with inſtruction.

Does he walk forth at morn, when the dew-drops, trembling in the ſolar rays, emulate the glittering gems, and the moiſtened roſe rivals the bluſhes of Aurora; when not a ſound floats on the breeze, ſave the muſic of the grove; his heart beats in uniſon with the ſurrounding ſcenery, and his breaſt ſwells with gratitude to him, who is ſeen in theſe his works alone.

Does he climb the lofty mountain, and look down upon cities and kingdoms crowded in majeſtic confuſion, and the boundleſs ocean rolling beneath his feet; his mind elevated by theſe ſcenes, ſoon outſteps the bounds of ſight, and aſſays to graſp the boundleſs creation in one comprehenſive view.

Scenes like theſe are well calculated to expand the mind, meliorate the heart, and promote that noble and commanding boldneſs of thought, and expreſſion, which diſtinguiſh from the vulgar, the man of real genius, and a liberalized mind.

Noble ſentiments, and true dignity of manners, are not often acquired by a conſtant intercourſe with the faſhionable world, nor in the courts of kings, places ſacred to flattery, intrigue and deceit, where truth is eſteemed an intruder; but in the ſhades of retirement, where the mind is at liberty to attend to the dictates of conſcience, and the "ſtill ſmall voice" of ſerious reflection.

In the circles of faſhionable folly, the youth may learn to ape the vices, and follies of the age, an affected delicacy, the frivolity of the fop, or the ſtrut of importance, thoſe vapid inſignia of mental inanity; but, would he acquire that real magnanimity, which may enable him to behave with dignity, in a public or private ſtation, in proſperity or adverſity, he muſt firſt learn to know and reſpect himſelf, and this can be effected only in the calm of ſolitude.

True, it is in active life, that we acquire many uſeful ideas; but it is in retirement, that we compare, connect, and thus add them to the ſtock of our knowledge; for ideas, without proper arrangement, ſerve but to confuſe and diſtract the mind.

In active life we may mark the words and actions of men; but it is by canvaſſing theſe in private, that we are oft enabled to read the very ſecrets of their ſouls.

Finally, whatever ideas we may acquire, during the hurry of buſineſs, we ſhould carefully conſider and conjoin in our leiſure hours, and whoever does thus, may well exclaim, "Nunquam minus ſolus quam cum ſolus.

NUMA.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

The Death and Character of SENECA.

IN the reign of Nero, when cruelty and every vice was patroniſed, when the great and virtuous were ſacrificed to the malice of a ſingle tyrant, a ſecret confederacy was formed by a number of bold and generous patriots to free their country from the ravages of

a monſter and reſtore Rome to its former liberties and ſplendor. Unfortunately for their glorious undertaking, the day previous to the intended execution of the deſign, the conſpiracy was revealed to the emperor by the treachery of an enfranchiſed ſlave. This diſcovery afforded opportunity to the tyrant to wreak his vengeance, not only on the conſpirators, but all who were obnoxious, either for their virtues or public eſteem. Among the numerous victims devoted to death, was Seneca, the brighteſt luminary of that darkened age, and formerly the tutor of Nero, who, with unremitting care, had faithfully diſcharged that truſt, but all endeavors proved inſufficient to fortify the mind of the ſavage prince againſt the inroads of vice, or divert him from the cruel purpoſe of ſpilling the blood of his guardian and benefactor.

Such was the rancor of the emperor againſt every character of eminence and virtue, that, previouſly he had ordered poiſon to be adminiſtered to Seneca, but failing in that attempt, he was now determined to diſpatch him by public execution. An accuſation was prepared through the ſecret malice of Nero, accuſing him, but without the leaſt proof or ſhadow of his guilt, of being concerned in the late conſpiracy. The tribune, who was diſpatched with the bloody errand of his deſtiny, found him at his villa in a domeſtic circle. He heard the fatal meſſage with calm compoſure and philoſophic fortitude. The reſignation which he manifeſted muſt have even filled the ſincereſt chriſtian with admiration. He feared not death, for he felt confident of having diſcharged his duty. He denied his being an accomplice in the late conſpiracy, and offered to remove all ſuſpicion of his guilt. But what is reaſon, what is gratitude, when cruelty ſtifles every natural affection, and rages implacable for blood?

The character of Seneca cannot be better delineated in a few words than by the tribune after he had delivered the accuſation to Seneca and returned to Rome. Nero aſked, "Does Seneca prepare to end his days by a voluntary death?" "He ſhewed," replied the tribune, "no ſymptom of fear, no token of ſorrow, no dejected paſſion; his words and looks beſpoke a mind ſerene, erect, and firm." The philoſopher requeſted leave to bequeath his poſſeſſion in a will, but this privilege being refuſed, he addreſſed his friends in the following pathetic terms, which would do honor to the moſt enlightened chriſtian, though ſpoken by a ſtoic.

"You perceive," ſaid he, "that I am not at liberty to requite your ſervices with the laſt marks of my eſteem. One thing, however, ſtill remains. I leave you the example of my life, the beſt and moſt precious legacy now in my power to beſtow. Cheriſh it in your memory, and you will gain at once the applauſe due to virtue, and the fame of a ſincere and generous friendſhip."—Obſerving thoſe around him in tears, he expoſtulated—he upbraided their puſilanimity—he ſpoke in the tone of authority. "Where," ſaid he, "are thoſe precepts of philoſophy, and where are the words of wiſdom, which for years have taught us to meet the calamities of life with firmneſs and a well prepared ſpirit? Was the cruelty of Nero unknown to any of us before? He murdered his mother; he deſtroyed his brother; and after thoſe deeds of horror, what remains to fill the meaſure of his guilt but the death of his guardian and his tutor?"

The laſt interview with his wife was peculiarly affecting, and affords an intereſting ſubject for the pencil. On this occaſion, although his ſenſibility was moved, his uſual fortitude ſtill ſupported him.

The execution of Seneca, by bleeding, was ſlow; life lingered long in his veins, and gave him an opportunity of ſhowing his conſtant mind in his laſt moments, which he improved in an eloquent and animated diſcourſe, which is now preſerved in his works.

Such was his fate—A more tragic and pathetic ſcene does not, perhaps, occur in hiſtory. Known as a follower of the ſtoic philoſophy, he maintained an abſolute command of his paſſions, and the moſt reſerved abſtinence. The profuſion of wealth, which he enjoyed, when in the zenith of his power, did not fill him with arrogance and vanity. Flattery and deception, then ſo much practiſed, as the means of obtaining imperial favours, formed no part of the character of Seneca. Such was his boldneſs and open ſincerity, that he obſerved to Nero, "*maluerim veris offendere, quam placere adulando.*" I had rather offend you by truth, than pleaſe you by flattery.—His mind was collected, conſtant, independent. His temper and turn of thought may be illuſtrated by a ſingle expreſſion, which he is ſaid to have applied to himſelf; "inter eas res beatus, quæ ſolent miſeros facere." Happy in thoſe circumſtances that uſually make men miſerable.—The fidelity with which he inculcated the principles of virtue into the mind of his royal pupil, and the wiſdom which he manifeſted in ſuggeſting the plan of his government, have deſervedly reflected the higheſt honour on his character. It has been obſerved by politicians, that the beginning of the reign of Nero, when under the direction of Seneca, exhibits a perfect model of government.

The writings of this philoſopher are numerous, and principally on ethics. His ſtyle is elegant, and have a ſhare of wit and fancy, well calculated to pleaſe the luxurious age in which he lived. They have ever been read with admiration, for the erudition they diſcover, and the purity of his precepts. They abound in refined ſentiments, which are not to be found in the works of any other heathen writer. Y.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

THE ARCHER—No. 2.

Et quam uberior vitiorum copia? Juv.

What age ſo large a crop of vices bare?

DRYDEN.

THE Archer has ever been a great admirer of the Fair, and although he believes them much leſs inclined to vicious habits than the other ſex, yet, he has not failed to obſerve that ſome among this ornament of the human race, have become addicted to vices, which from their pernicious effects in ſociety deſerve reproof.

The maſk of deception, however aptly fitted to the wearer, is but ill adapted to guard the avenues to the heart. A ſingle expreſſion or geſture will frequently expoſe the ſpring of action, and diſcover the ſecret receſſes of the ſoul. Envy and malice cannot long lie dormant in the human breaſt; they are excited to action by the leaſt irritation, and the innocent and guilty, ſuffer equally from the violence of theſe inſidious agents. Not long ſince, in my travels, I called at a conſiderable village to ſpend a day or two with a friend; I had the honor to paſs an evening in the neighborhood with a party conſiſting chiefly of young ladies; being a ſtranger and naturally diffident, I was little more than a ſilent ſpectator. The converſation turning upon that favorite topic of the fair, love and matrimony, I diſcovered that in that place a young couple were ſoon to be united in wedlock. Their characters ſuffered the ſevere criticiſm of ſeveral of the ladies preſent, and more particularly of one, who, if I might judge from appearance, had gotten upon the other ſide of thirty. After I returned, my friend informed me that the young gentleman and lady, at whoſe expenſe the company had been entertained, were perſons of reſpectability and unblemiſhed characters; that the gentleman had been in the place about eighteen months, and that while the ladies ſhared alike his attention he was extremely well ſpoken of by all; but when it was known that his attention was particular, the caſe was altered, which he did not ſcruple to attribute to envy. Happy would it be for ſociety if envy and ſlander were confined to this party or village! But alas, I fear that there is ſcarcely a tea-table party or ſocial circle that is entirely free from it! Pardon me ye fair; if I have judged wrong may heaven forgive me. I would by no means be thought to ſuppoſe that this ſpecies of vice is confined to the fair ſex, but from their natural loquacity and rapid flow of ideas, I think I may venture to ſay, that they too often uſe the 'ſcorpion laſh' at the coſt of the innocent.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ELIZA has our thanks for her favor. The fruits of female genius will ever be acceptable.

Y. is deſired to let us profit often by the productions of his pen.

DIED—In this place, on the 10th inſtant, Miſs MARY D. FOSTER, aged 18 years. In the vigor of life, ſhe ſhone an ornament to her ſex; in her laſt illneſs, a bright example to virtue in diſtreſs.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

On the Death of a Friend.

AH! why ſo dejected and low,
And why does vivacity ceaſe—
In paſtime and mirth why ſo ſlow,
A ſtranger to reſt and to peace?

'Tis Death has effected the change,
"Depriv'd me of all I held dear;"
In vain for relief I may range,
While memory ſtarts a new tear.

Not lov'd for relation alone,
An affectionate FRIEND is no more!
A loſs virtue e'er muſt bemoan,
And humanity ever deplore,

That boſom where ſympathy dwelt,
No more beats reſponſive to love;
That ſoul, which compaſſion once felt,
Now reſts in the regions above.

In vain to your houſe do I go,
And ſearch thro' the ſtill lonely dome;
Thoſe lips, from which ſweetneſs did flow,
No more gladly welcome me home.

Where we formerly walk'd in th' morn,
T' enjoy the ſweet zephyrs of ſpring;
The garden is now left forlorn,
The redbreaſt forgets there to ſing.

Near the tomb, where oft we have ſtray'd,
By weeping, our woes to relieve;
Dear *Charlotte* now lifeleſs is laid,
And I live for nought, but to grieve.

Muſt ſtreams of diſtreſs ever flow,
Muſt ſorrow continue to wound—
Nor aught, that can heal ſhall we know,
Nor aught to aſſuage can be found?

There's one, who affliction can ſtay,
Make life bloom anew from the grave,
"He gave what he now takes away,"
Whoſe arm ne'er is rais'd, but to ſave.

Then bleſs'd be the Author above,
Of life not diminiſh'd by time,
Where ſaints dwell together in love,
And pæans of joy ſing divine.

Th' enjoyments, this life can inſure,
Are fleeting as viſions of night,
Which may, for a moment, allure,
But fly at the dawning of light.

Since, here, we no happineſs know,
And nought on this earth affords reſt,
Let 's leave the vain things here below
And look to th' abodes of the bleſt.

ELIZA.

SELECTED POETRY.

From Montgomery's Poems.

THE SNOW DROP.

WINTER! retire,
Thy reign is paſt;
Hoary Sire!
Yield the ſceptre of thy ſway,
Sound thy trumpet in the blaſt,
And call thy ſtorms away;
Winter! retire;
Wherefore do thy wheels delay;
Mount the chariot of thine ire,
And quit the realms of day;

On thy ſtate
Whirlwinds wait;
And blood-ſhot meteors lend thee light;
Hence to dreary arctic regions;
Summon thy terrific legions;
Hence to caves of northern night
Speed thy flight.

From halcyon ſeas
And purer ſkies,
O ſouthern breeze!
Awake, ariſe:
Breath of heaven! benignly blow,
Melt the ſnow;
Breath of heaven! unchain the floods,
Warm the woods,
And make the mountains flow.

Auſpicious to the Muſe's prayer,
The freſhening gale
Embalms the vale,
And breathes enchantment thro' the air:
On its wing
Floats the Spring,
With glowing eye, and golden hair:
Dark before her Angel-form
She drives the Demon of the ſtorm,
Like Gladneſs chaſing Care.

Winter's gloomy night withdrawn,
Lo! the young romantic hours
Search the hill, the dale, the lawn,
To behold the SNOW-DROP white
Start to light,
And ſhine in FLORA's deſart bowers,
Beneath the vernal dawn,
The Morning Star of Flowers!

O welcome to our Iſle,
Thou Meſſenger of Peace!
At whoſe bewitching ſmile
The embattled tempeſts ceaſe:
Emblem of Innocence and Truth!
Firſt-born of Nature's womb,
When ſtrong in renovated youth,
She burſts from Winter's tomb;
Thy Parent's eye hath ſhed
A precious dew-drop on thine head,
Frail as a mother's tear,
Upon her infant's face,
When ardent hope to tender fear,
And anxious love, gives place.
But lo! the dew-drop falls away,
The ſun ſalutes thee with a ray,
Warm as a mother's kiſs
Upon her infant's cheek,
When the heart bounds with bliſs,
And joy that cannot ſpeak!

——When I meet thee by the way,
Like a pretty, ſportive child,
On the winter-waſted wild,
With thy darling breeze at play,
Opening to the radiant ſky
All the ſweetneſs of thine eye;
—Or bright with ſunbeams, freſh with ſhowers,
O thou Fairy-Queen of flowers!
Watch thee o'er the plain advance
At the head of FLORA's dance;
Simple SNOW-DROP! then in thee
All thy ſiſter train I ſee:
Every brilliant bud that blows,
From the blue-bell to the roſe;
All the beauties that appear
On the boſom of the year;
All that wreathe the locks of Spring,
Summer's ardent breath perfume,
Or on the lap of Autumn bloom,
—All to thee their tribute bring,
Exhale their incenſe at thy ſhrine,
—Their hues, their odours all are thine!
For while thy humble form I view,
The Muſe's keen prophetic ſight
Brings fair Futurity to light,
And Fancy's magic makes the viſion true.

—There is a Winter in my ſoul,
The Winter of deſpair;
O when ſhall Spring its rage control?
When ſhall the SNOW-DROP bloſſom there?
Cold gleams of comfort ſometimes dart
A dawn of glory on my heart,
But quickly paſs away:
Thus Northern-lights the gloom adorn,
And give the promiſe of a morn,
That never turns to day!

——But hark! methinks I hear
A ſmall ſtill whiſper in mine ear:
"Raſh Youth! repent,
"Afflictions from above
"Are Angels, ſent
"On embaſſies of love.
"A fiery Legion, at thy birth,
"Of chaſtening Woes were given,
"To pluck thy flowers of Hope from earth,
"And plant them high
"O'er yonder ſky,
"Transform'd to ſtars—and fix'd in heaven."

The following has all the pith and point of the Engliſh Epigram.

THE TASTE OF THE TIMES.

SOME whim of fancy pleaſes every age;
For talents premature, 'tis now all the rage.
In Muſic how great HANDEL would have ſmil'd,
T' have ſeen whole crowds in rapture with a child;
A GARRICK we have had in little BETTY,
And now we are told we have a PITT in PETTY!
All muſt allow, ſince thus it is decreed,
He is a very *Petty* PITT indeed.

An Author's apology for knocking out his Printer's teeth.

I muſt confeſs that I was ſomewhat warm:
I broke his teeth—But where's the mighty harm?
My works, he ſaid, would not afford him meat;
And teeth are uſeleſs, when there's nought to eat.

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